A JOHN MARTIN JOLLY BOOK

The TRAVELS of TIMMY TOODLES

Now child of mine be brave and true:
With care and kindness look
At all the fun and friendship too
In this your "Johnnie Book"

J.M.

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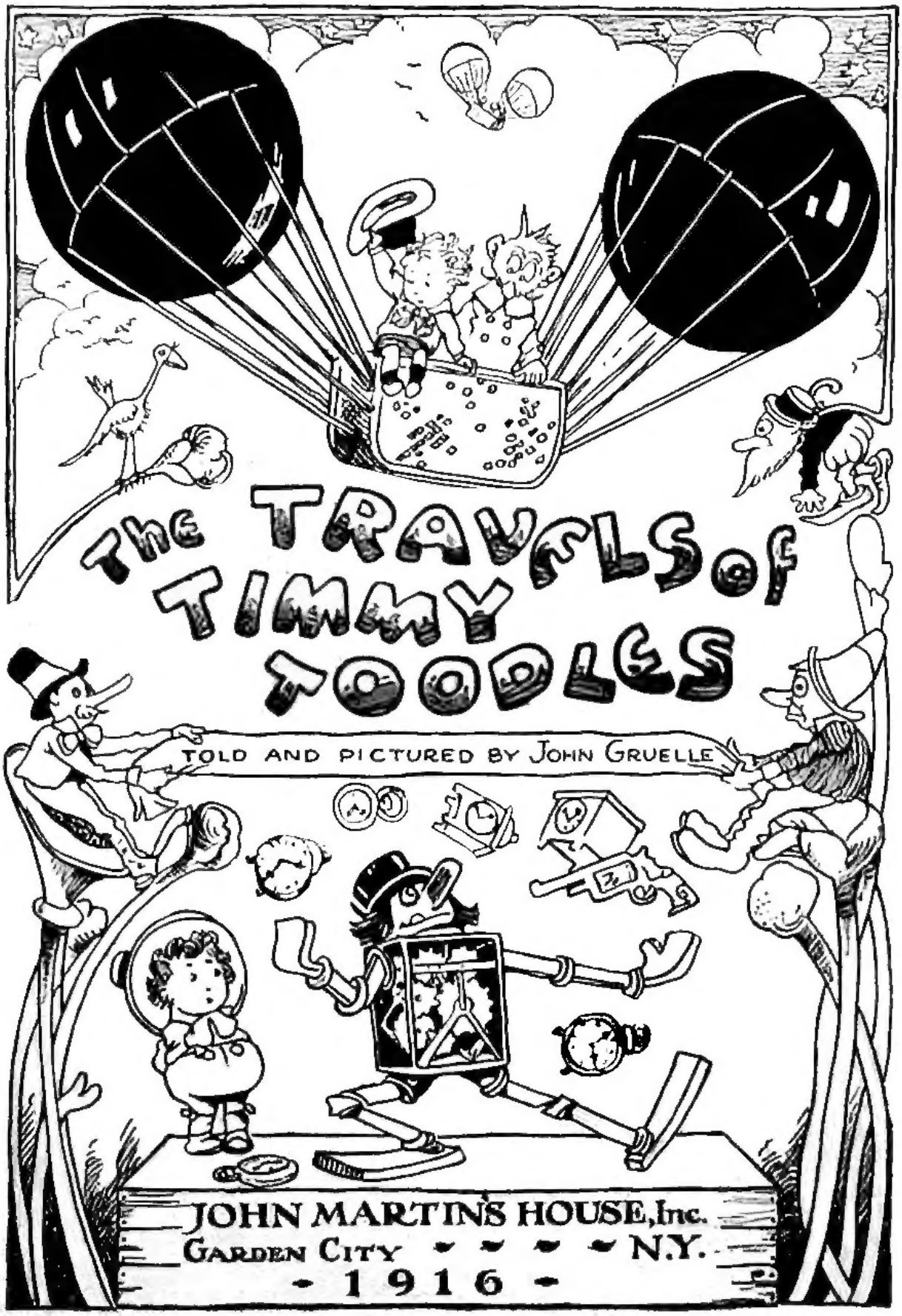
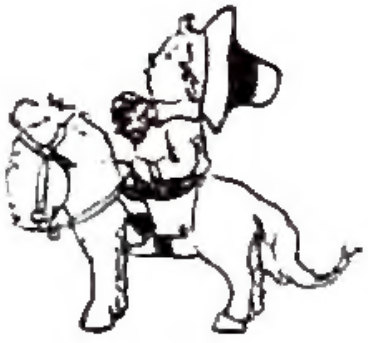

The TRAVELS of TIMMY TOODLES
TOLD AND PICTURED BY JOHN GRUELLE
JOHN MARTIN'S HOUSE, Inc.
GARDEN CITY N.Y.
1916



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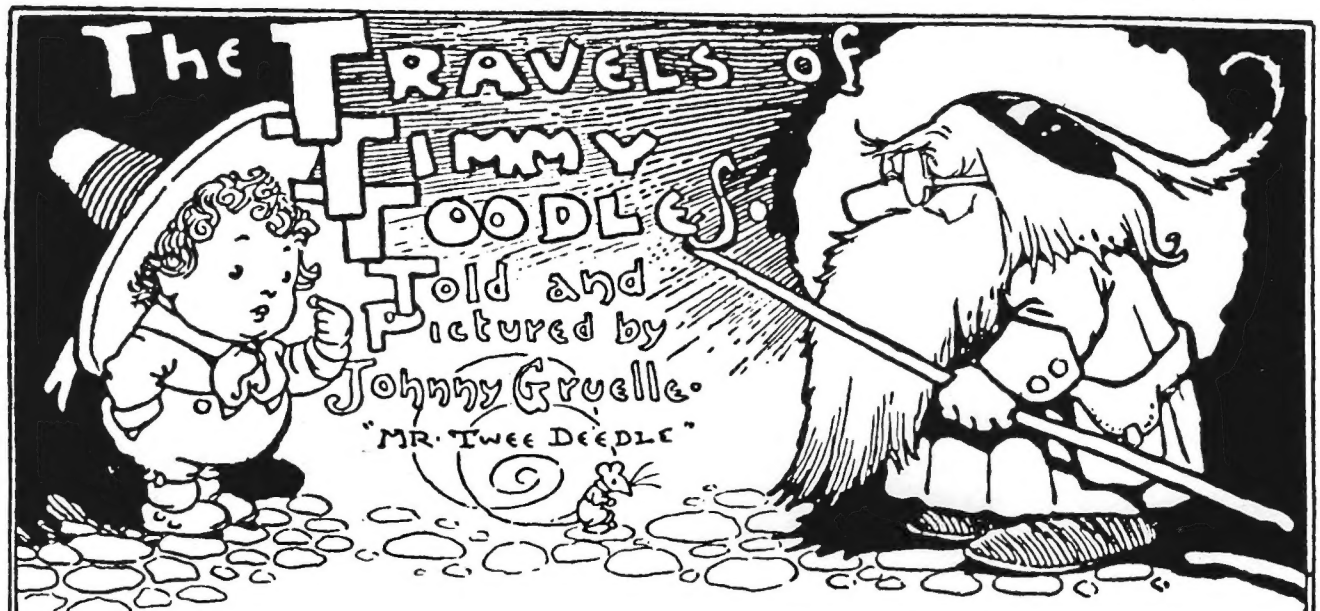
The Travels of Timmy Toodles

Told and Pictured by
Johnny Gruelle.

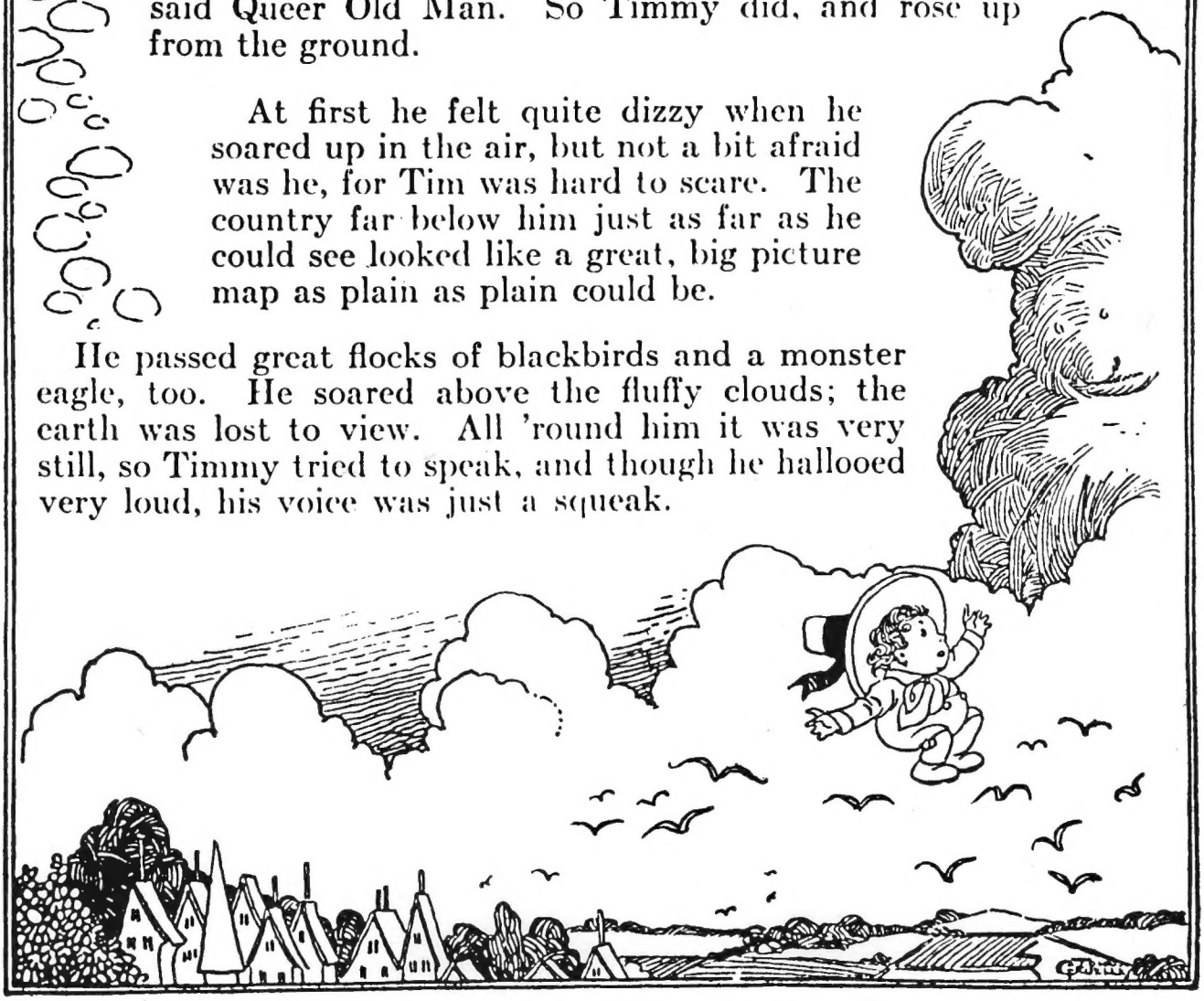
"MR. TWEE DEEDLE"

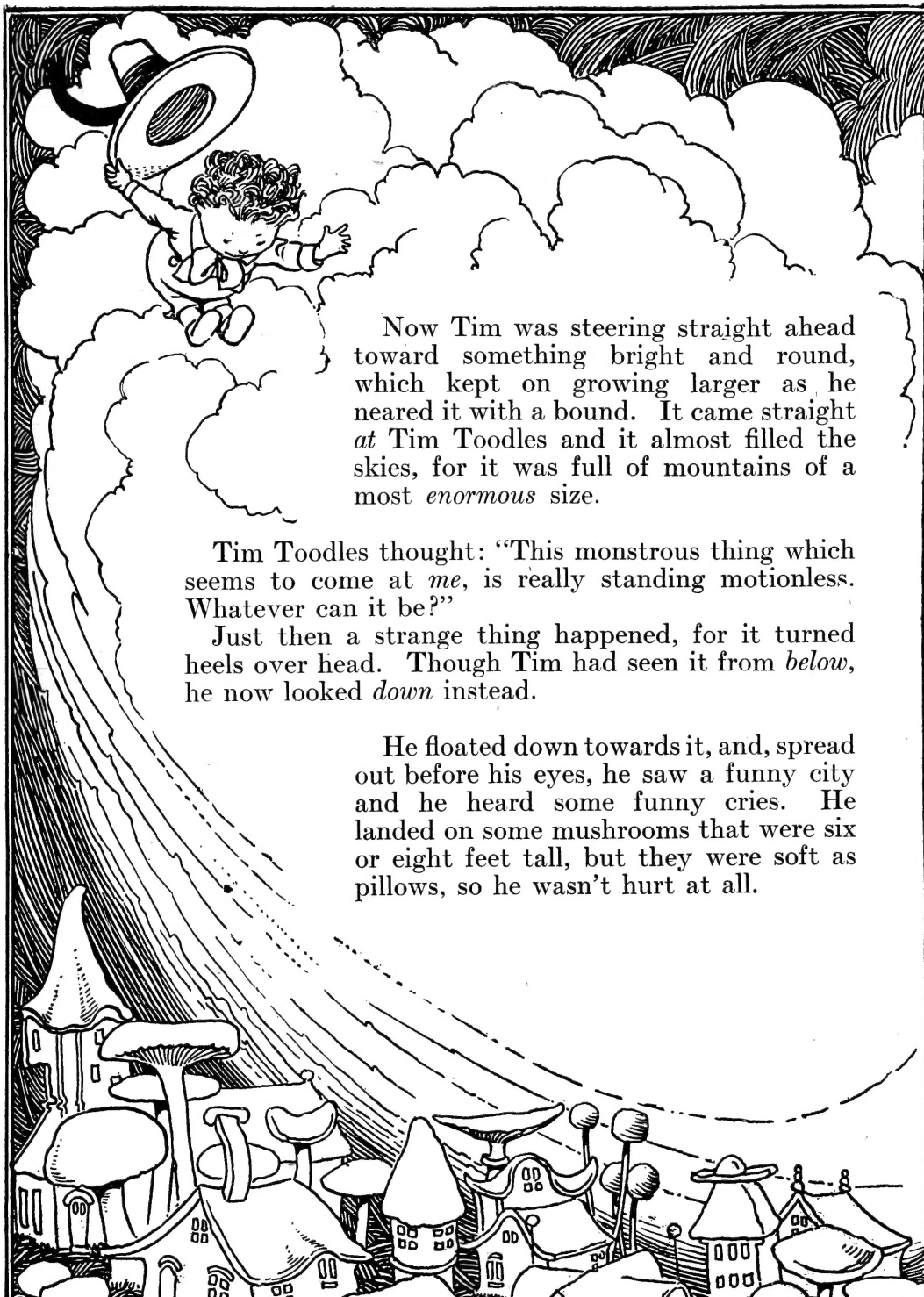


YOUNG Timmy Toodles never thought that he could learn to fly, until he met a queer old man who told him he should *try*. "Just put this pebble in your mouth and give your foot a pound," said Queer Old Man. So Timmy did, and rose up from the ground.

At first he felt quite dizzy when he soared up in the air, but not a bit afraid was he, for Tim was hard to scare. The country far below him just as far as he could see looked like a great, big picture map as plain as plain could be.

He passed great flocks of blackbirds and a monster eagle, too. He soared above the fluffy clouds; the earth was lost to view. All 'round him it was very still, so Timmy tried to speak, and though he hallooed very loud, his voice was just a squeak.



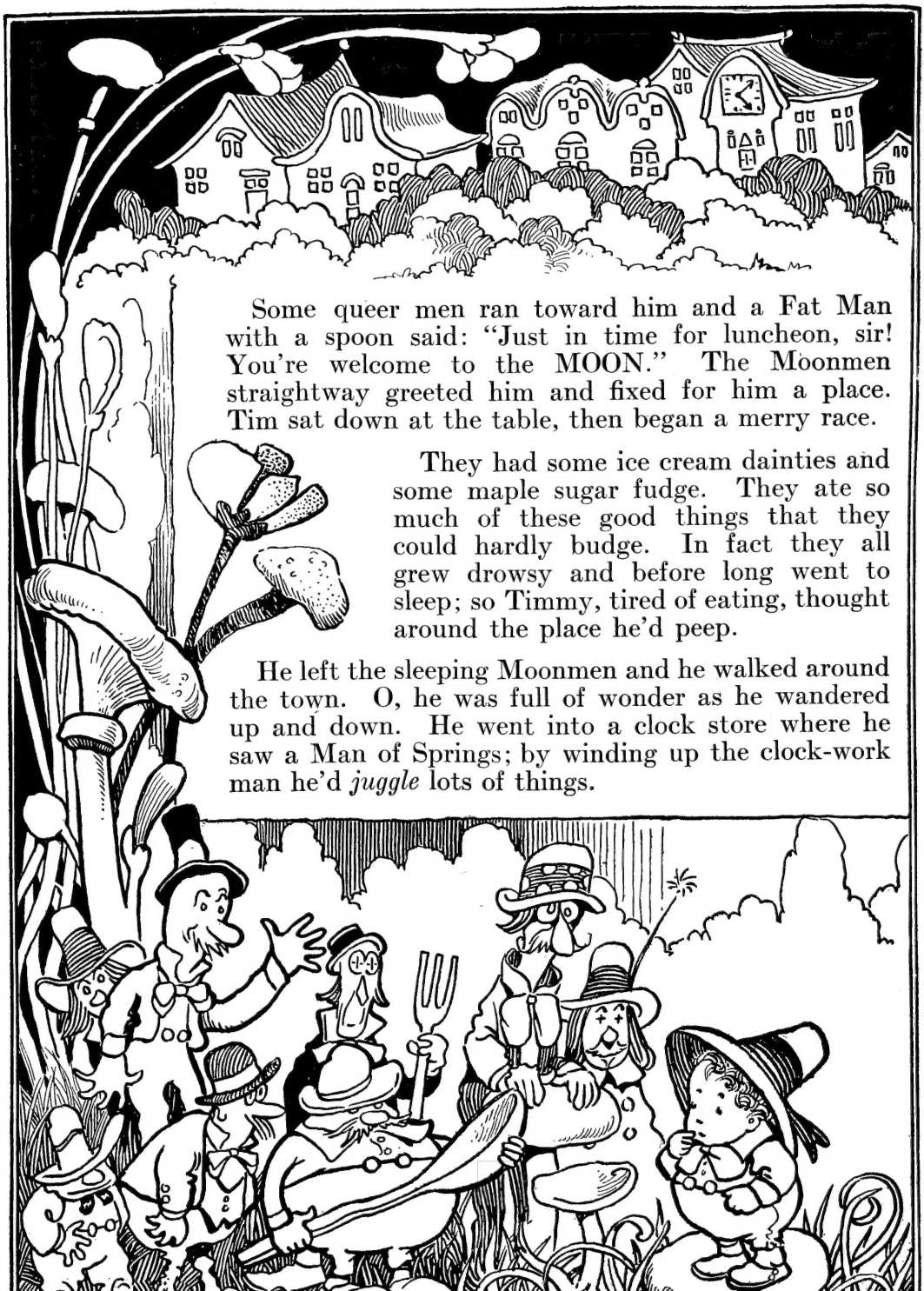


Now Tim was steering straight ahead toward something bright and round, which kept on growing larger as he neared it with a bound. It came straight *at* Tim Toodles and it almost filled the skies, for it was full of mountains of a most *enormous* size.

Tim Toodles thought: "This monstrous thing which seems to come at *me*, is really standing motionless. Whatever can it be?"

Just then a strange thing happened, for it turned heels over head. Though Tim had seen it from *below*, he now looked *down* instead.

He floated down towards it, and, spread out before his eyes, he saw a funny city and he heard some funny cries. He landed on some mushrooms that were six or eight feet tall, but they were soft as pillows, so he wasn't hurt at all.



Some queer men ran toward him and a Fat Man with a spoon said: "Just in time for luncheon, sir! You're welcome to the MOON." The Moonmen straightway greeted him and fixed for him a place. Tim sat down at the table, then began a merry race.

They had some ice cream dainties and some maple sugar fudge. They ate so much of these good things that they could hardly budge. In fact they all grew drowsy and before long went to sleep; so Timmy, tired of eating, thought around the place he'd peep.

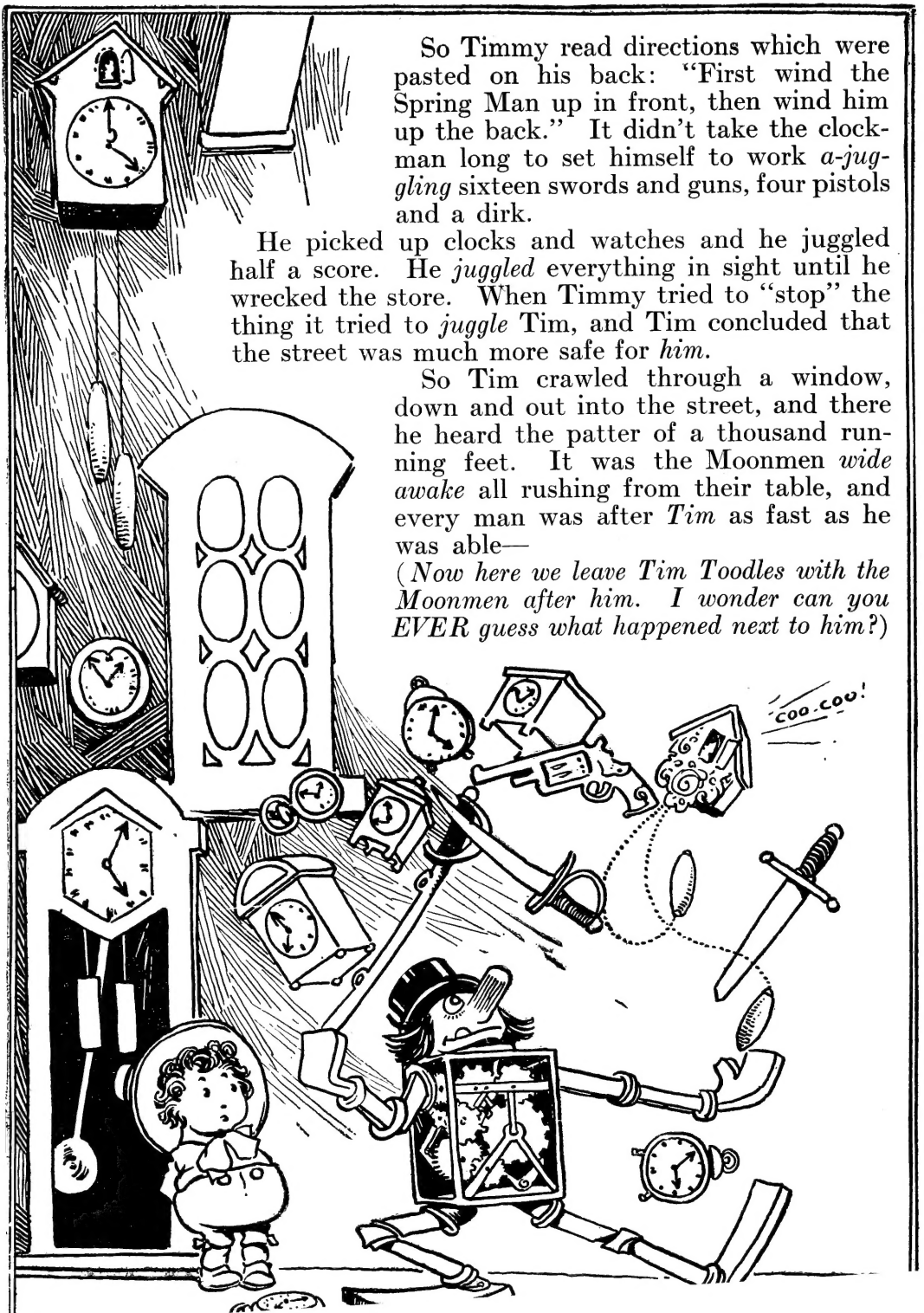
He left the sleeping Moonmen and he walked around the town. O, he was full of wonder as he wandered up and down. He went into a clock store where he saw a Man of Springs; by winding up the clock-work man he'd *juggle* lots of things.

So Timmy read directions which were pasted on his back: "First wind the Spring Man up in front, then wind him up the back." It didn't take the clockman long to set himself to work *a-juggling* sixteen swords and guns, four pistols and a dirk.

He picked up clocks and watches and he juggled half a score. He *juggled* everything in sight until he wrecked the store. When Timmy tried to "stop" the thing it tried to *juggle* Tim, and Tim concluded that the street was much more safe for *him.*

So Tim crawled through a window, down and out into the street, and there he heard the patter of a thousand running feet. It was the Moonmen *wide awake* all rushing from their table, and every man was after *Tim* as fast as he was able—

(*Now here we leave Tim Toodles with the Moonmen after him. I wonder can you EVER guess what happened next to him?*)



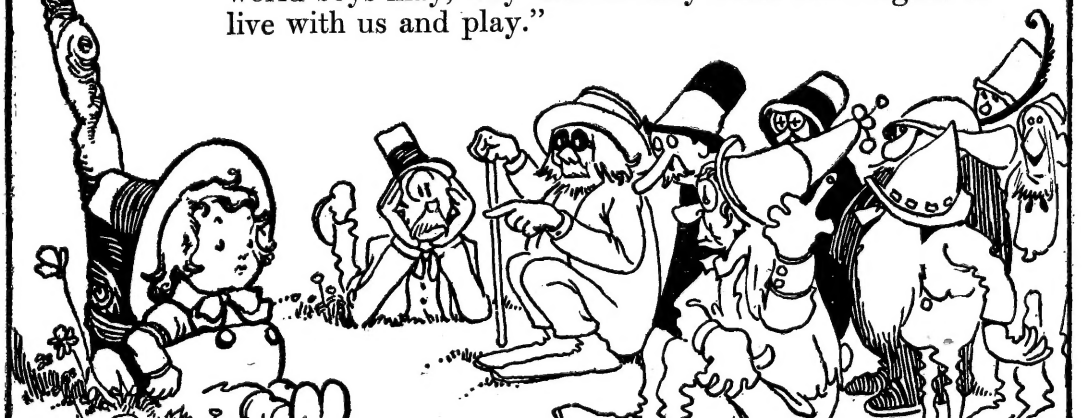
The Further Adventures of Timmy Toodles.

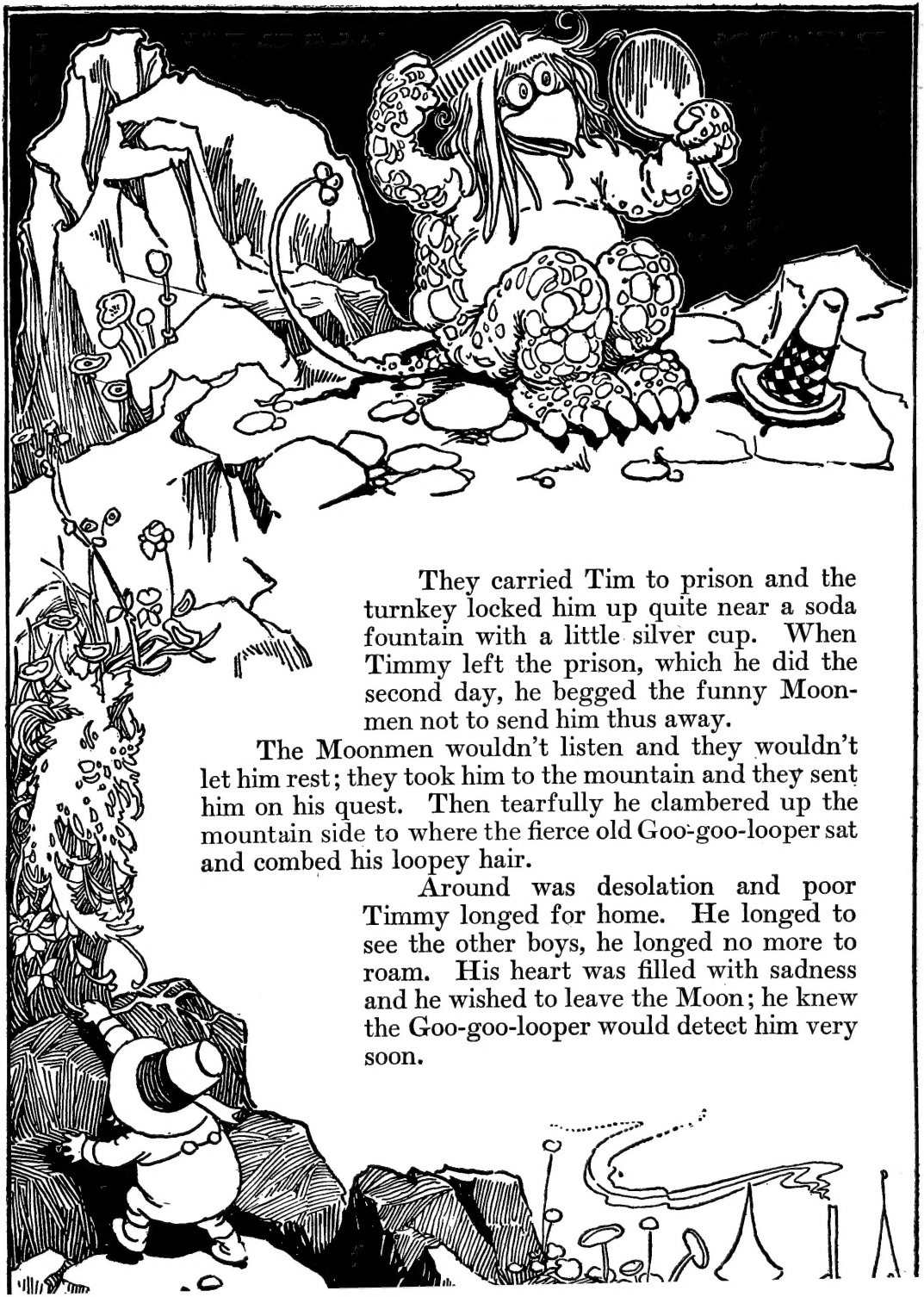
Chapter Two.

Pell mell they scampered down the street where Tim had been before, and they were cross as anything to see that ruined store. At last they caught Tim Toodles and they tied him to a tree; then each one asked the other what his punishment should be.

Said one: "I think the youngster should be sent away to jail and fed on pie and cheese and cake and caramels and quail. And when his spirit's broken and he gives a good excuse, we'll open up his dungeon and we'll turn the youngster loose.

"Then he must climb the mountain side as high as he can go, up where the Goo-goo-looper is a-looping to and fro. When he has put the beast to sleep, as only world boys may, why then he may come down again to live with us and play."

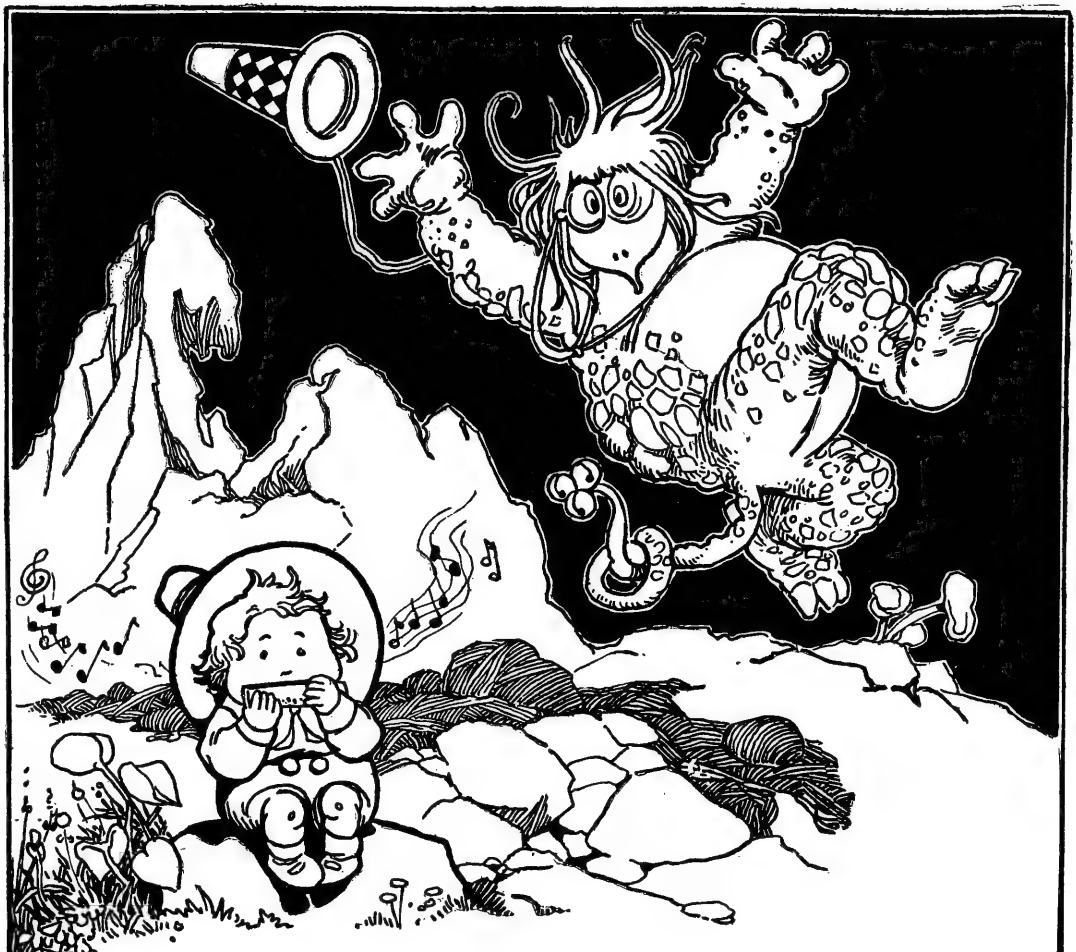




They carried Tim to prison and the turnkey locked him up quite near a soda fountain with a little silver cup. When Timmy left the prison, which he did the second day, he begged the funny Moonmen not to send him thus away.

The Moonmen wouldn't listen and they wouldn't let him rest; they took him to the mountain and they sent him on his quest. Then tearfully he clambered up the mountain side to where the fierce old Goo-goo-looper sat and combed his loopey hair.

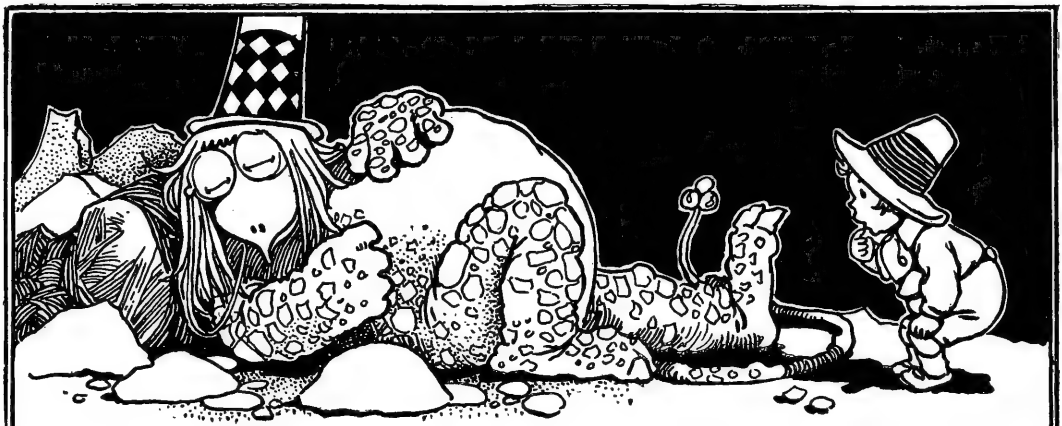
Around was desolation and poor Timmy longed for home. He longed to see the other boys, he longed no more to roam. His heart was filled with sadness and he wished to leave the Moon; he knew the Goo-goo-looper would detect him very soon.



He hunted up a place to sit, a stone that wasn't sharp, and all at once remembered that he'd brought along his harp. He took it from his pocket and he played it loud and long; his favorite tune was "Home, Sweet Home," that old familiar song.

Tim's mind was on the music and he didn't seem to see the fierce old Goo-goo-looper as he sneaked around a tree. Now music, everybody knows, will calm the savage breast, and grisly Goo-goo-loopers are no different from the rest.

The tune quite took his fancy and he soon began to dance. Tim found it hard to play and watch that Goo-goo-looper prance. He played some Irish jigs and then he played some Irish reels; the Goo-goo-looper danced right on and did not stop for meals.

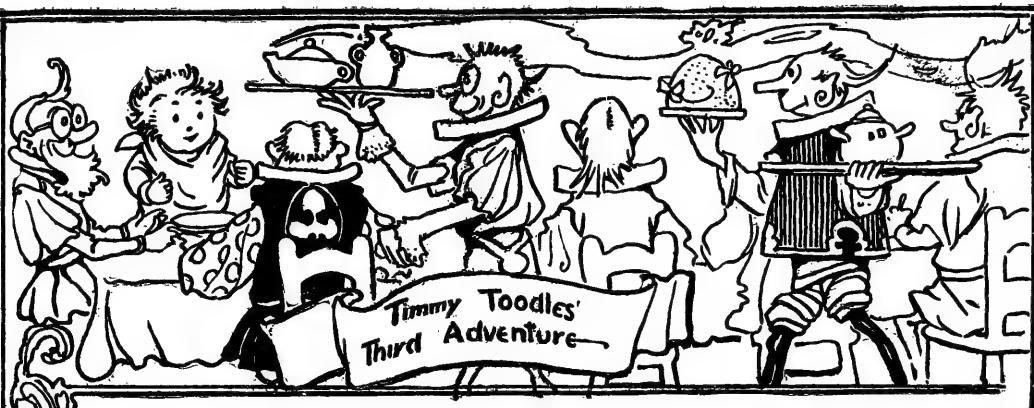


But finally the loopey beast gave one enormous yawn and Timmy knew full well the beast to sleepy town had gone. And soon from every mountain top came echoes of his snore; the Goo-goo-looper slept a sleep as if he'd wake no more.

> Then Timmy heard a mighty shout swell up into the night and saw the Moonmen coming up the mountain with a light. So Timmy ran to meet them and they cried out: "Hurrah, Tim! We hear the fierce beast snoring and we know you've conquered him!"

The Moonmen then took Timmy with them down the mountain side—they had a Shetland pony which they gave to him to ride—they gave him pretty medals and a speech of thanks was read, and after eating supper, Tim was glad to get in bed.

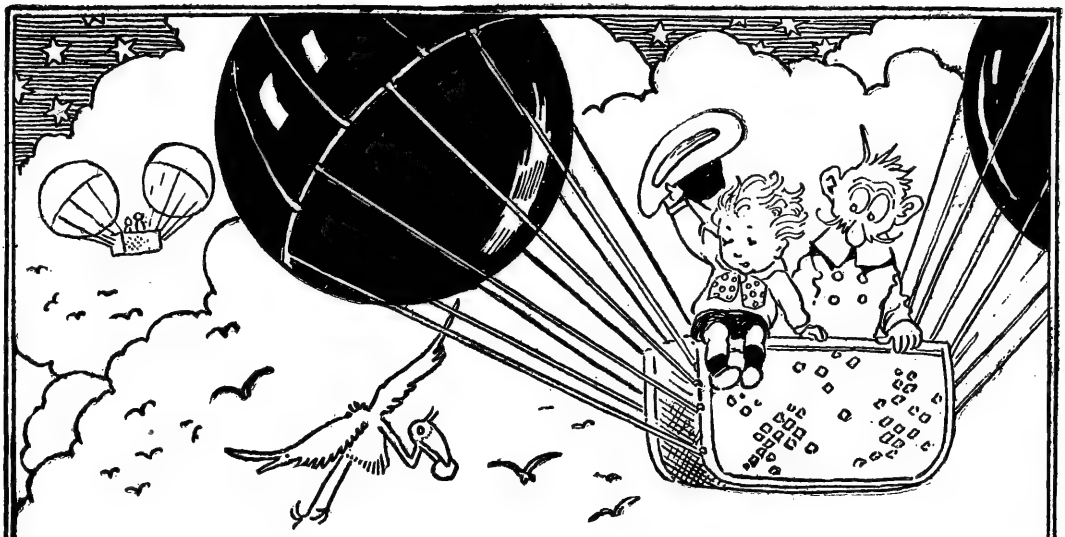
JOHN B. GRUELLE.



AND the next day
The people from all Moontown flocked into the village street with choicest cakes and fruits and sweets and everything to eat. The dinner was a grand success, as you may well be told. 'Twas all in Timmy's honor, so he ate all he could hold.

Then to the largest concert hall that Timmy ever saw, they carried him right to a seat, where he could watch them draw. They drew in natural colors and the drawings came to life. They drew a pretty picture book, a fine pearl handled knife. And many other things they drew and gave to Tim. Each person tried his very best to make things nice for him.

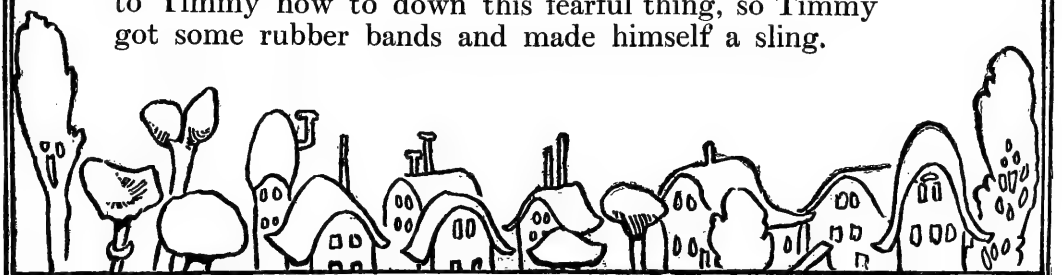
A Moonman soon arose and said: "Out in the village square we're going to have a picnic, now let everyone be there!"



Tim opened wide his bright blue eyes, when he beheld the square. Gay flags and colored lanterns bright were hanging everywhere, and sounds of lovely harmony came from the village band who, dressed in gorgeous costumes, played the music of Moonland.

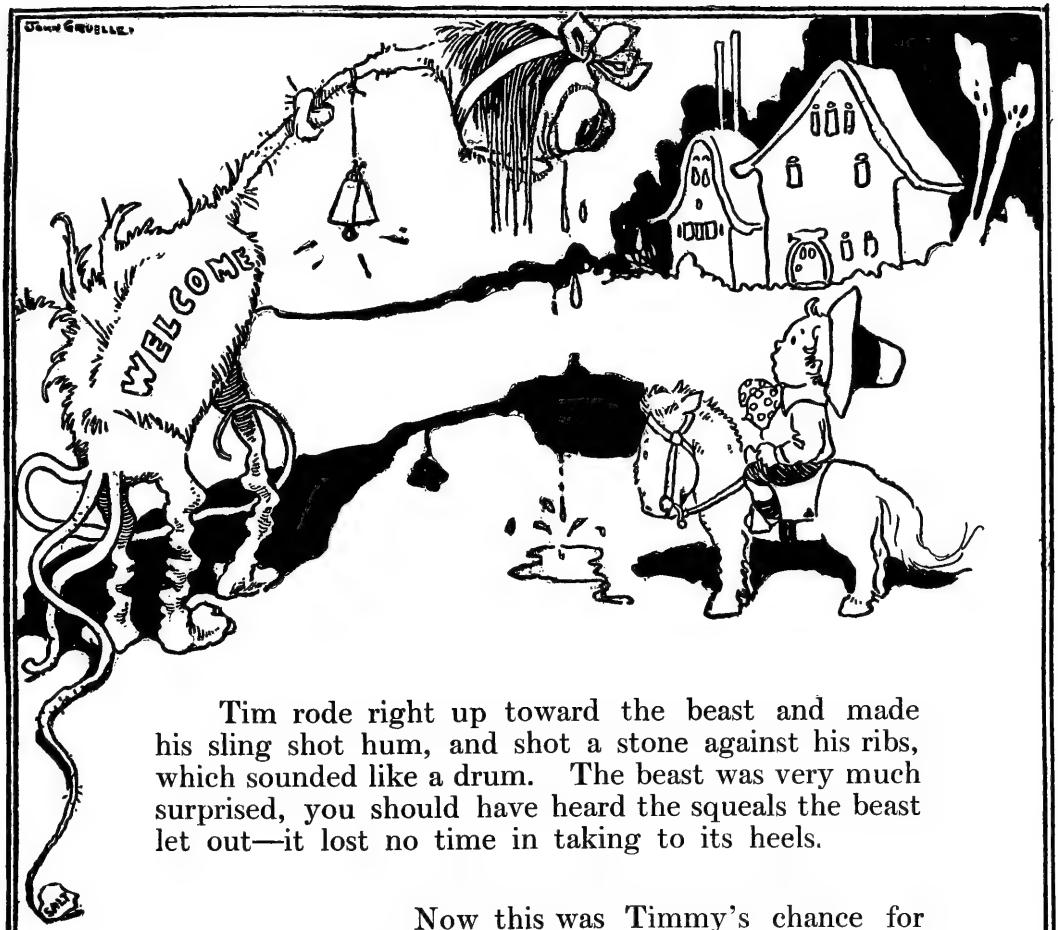
They had balloon ascensions and they went up to the sky. They scattered figs and candies to the birds that fluttered by. They had some swimming races in a tank of lemonade. They drank the tank quite dry two times, and then some more was made.

By this time all were hungry so they ate another meal. They ate until a messenger rode up, upon his wheel. He'd ridden from the village of the peanut brittle men. He said a bold Fillupperjaw had broken loose again. He said, most all the people had been eaten by the beast which sat within the court house yard, enjoying well his feast. The Moonfolks looked to Timmy now to down this fearful thing, so Timmy got some rubber bands and made himself a sling.



Then mounting on a pony, Tim bade all the folk good day. The peanut brittle messenger rode fast and showed the way. At last they reached the village, where the bold Fillupperjaw was sitting on the village green. Tim said, "I never saw a stranger looking beast than he, outside of picture books!"

Fillupperjaws are very proud of their great luck of looks. He had a neck so slender that it looked as if a shake of either ear or blink of eye would cause his neck to break. His head was many times too large to fit a beast so tall, and where it should have had one tail, it had four tails in all. This fearful beast had but three legs, and wobbly ones were these so bent and warped, you could not tell his ankles from his knees.



Tim rode right up toward the beast and made his sling shot hum, and shot a stone against his ribs, which sounded like a drum. The beast was very much surprised, you should have heard the squeals the beast let out—it lost no time in taking to its heels.

Now this was Timmy's chance for well he knew he must not fail. Into his sling he put some salt and shot the creature's tail. Fillupperjaws as you must know can not stand this at all, and as the salt stuck to its tail, it could not even crawl.

"Please take the salt from off my tail", the conquered beast then cried, "I'll promise you that I'll be good". "Then promise", Tim replied, "that from this date you'll be a friend to all the brittle men". And as the beast then crossed his heart, Tim set him free again.

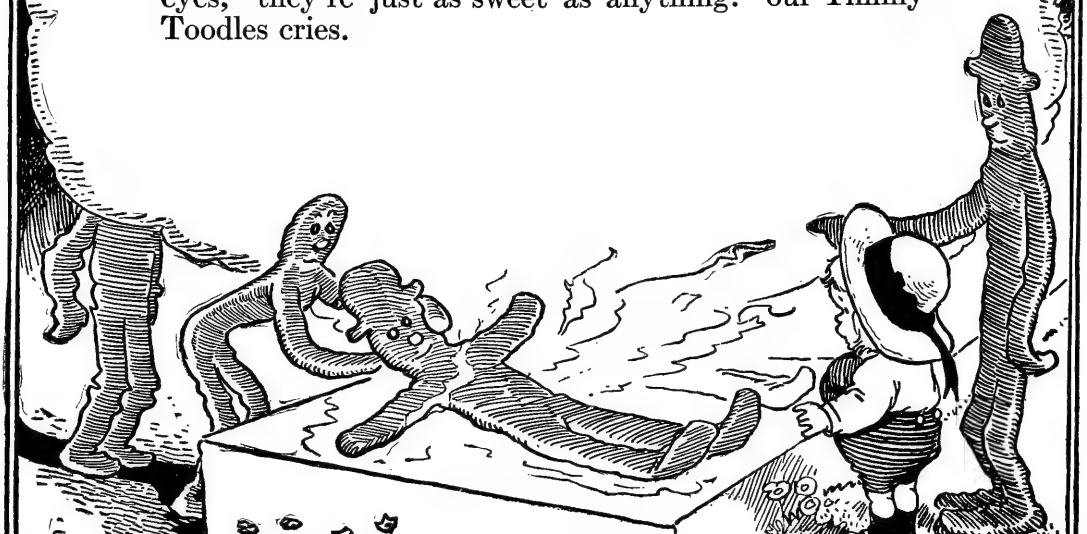
JOHN B. GRUELLE.

Timmy Toodles' 4th Adventure

THE brittle peanut candy men were thankful that brave Tim had conquered old Fillupperjaw and made a friend of him. "We'll harness him whenever we shall wish to take a ride," the peanut people said. "All right!" the conquered beast replied.

The people asked brave Timmy if he cared to see the town. They showed him where the candy men made all the people brown. The center of the market place was shaped just like a pan; the cooks were back at work again upon a peanut can.

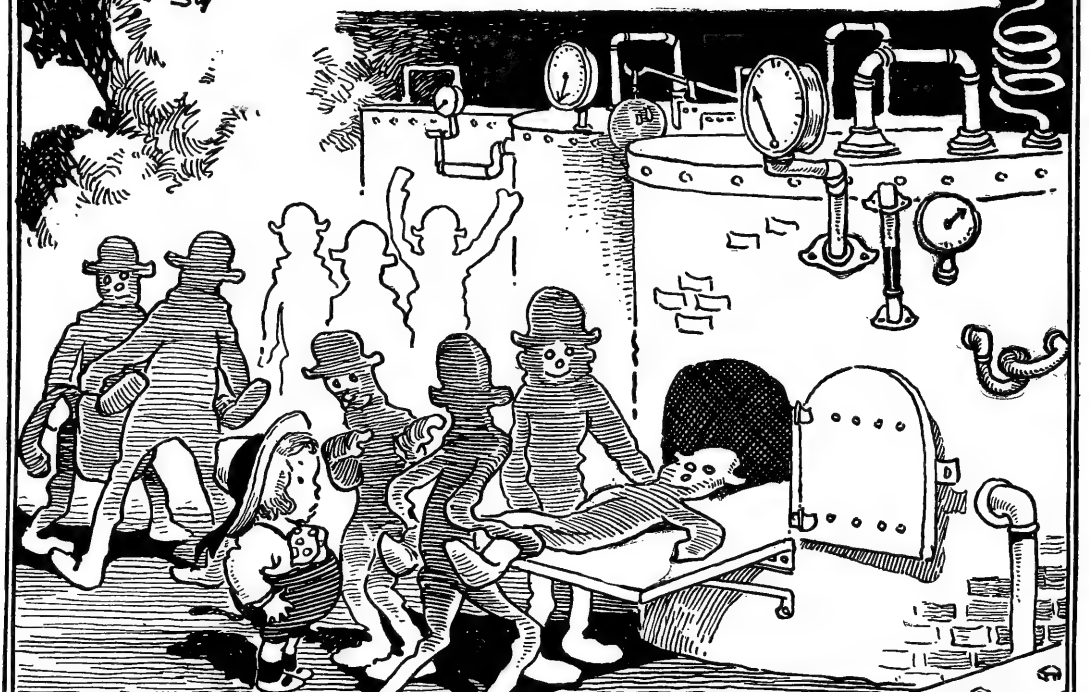
At first they took some clean white sticks, these formed the people's bones, and plastered them with candy which they placed on buttered stones. They rolled a great big candy head, with peanuts for the eyes, "they're just as sweet as anything!" our Timmy Toodles cries.

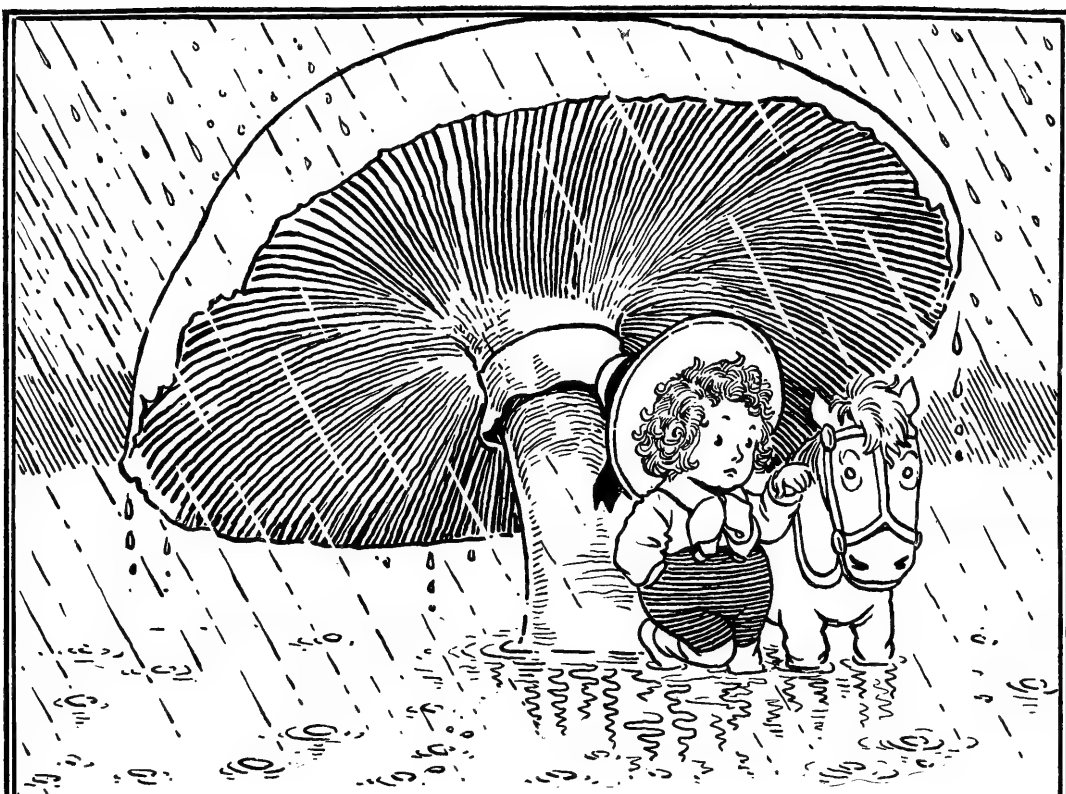


Then carefully with buttered hands they carried off the men and put them in the coolers where they put life into them. And when the men were finished, then they gave them each a name. They warned them never to get wet, or sit beside a flame, for they would surely melt and that would never do at all. In fact they'd break in pieces if they chanced to have a fall.

They all were nice to Timmy and they begged of him to stay, but though Tim liked them very much, he tore himself away.

He mounted on his pony and he started back again, but clouds rolled up across the sky and soon down came the rain. Tim found a place of shelter underneath a big mushroom, while all around, the lightning played and made the thunder boom.

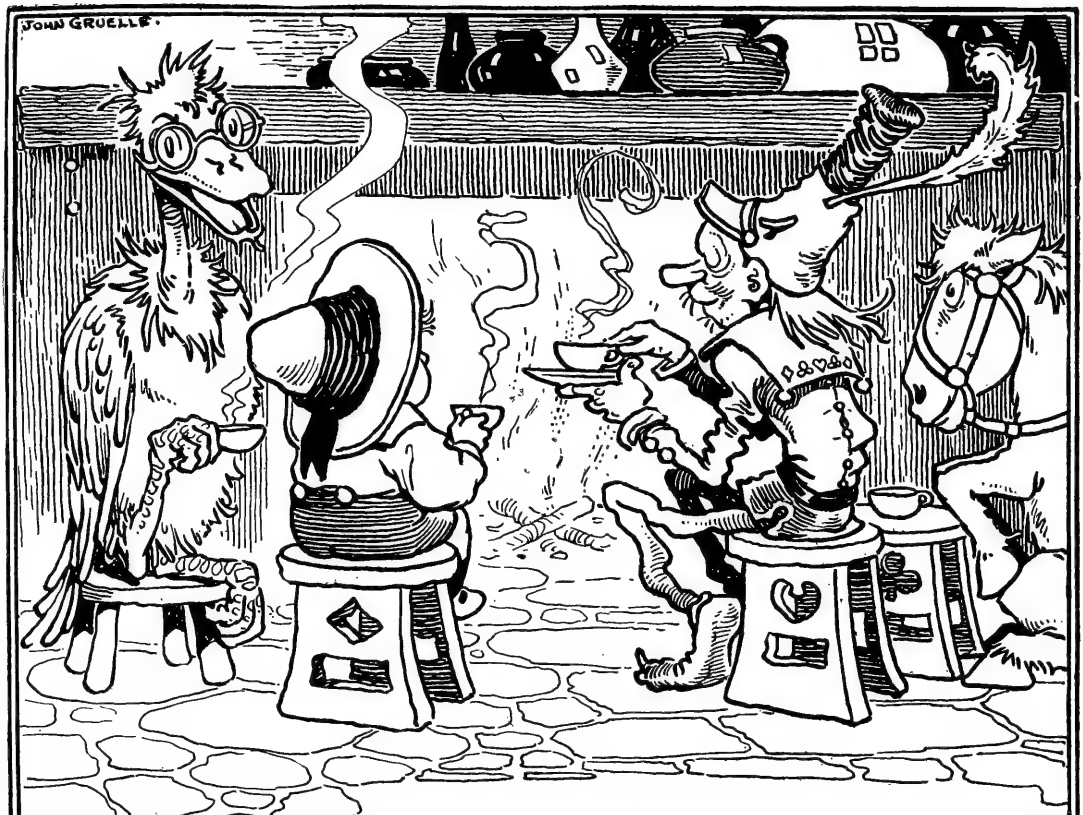




It rained and rained in torrents till the water reached Tim's knees, the pony did not like it for he soon began to sneeze. "We must get out of this!" Tim cried, and patted Pony's head. "Let's see if we cannot climb up upon somebody's shed."

Alas, they looked with all their eyes, but still they looked in vain, for there was not a shed in sight to climb upon; 'twas plain that they would have to swim, or else they'd have to stay and drown. So Timmy and the pony swam toward the Moonfolk's town.

They had not gone more than a mile, before a Flapperjowd saw them in all their trouble, from his perch upon a cloud. He soared right down toward them and he grasped one in each claw—he was the largest kind of bird that Timmy ever saw.



He carried Tim and Pony far away above the sky and put them on a mountain top where it was nice and dry. And quite near by a little house with cunning chimneys stood. And all around were great big piles of split-up kindling wood.

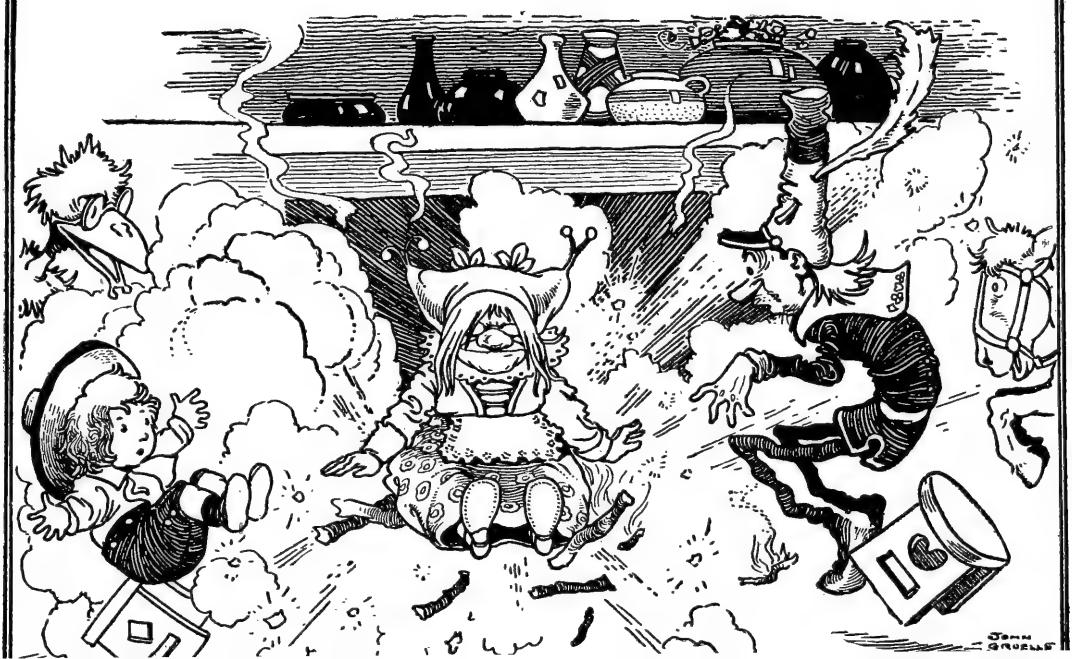
The Flapperjowd then whistled and from out the cottage door a little crooked man came out and bowed, and bowed some more. The Flapperjowd explained to him how he had rescued Tim. So Crooked Man said if they'd come, he'd dry his clothes for him.

They went inside where it was warm and all sat down to tea, and as the firelight warmed their coats, it warmed their hearts, you see. So Tim and Pony stayed that night. So did the Flapperjowd. Next time I'll tell you all about, what happened to the crowd.

JOHN B. GRUELLE.

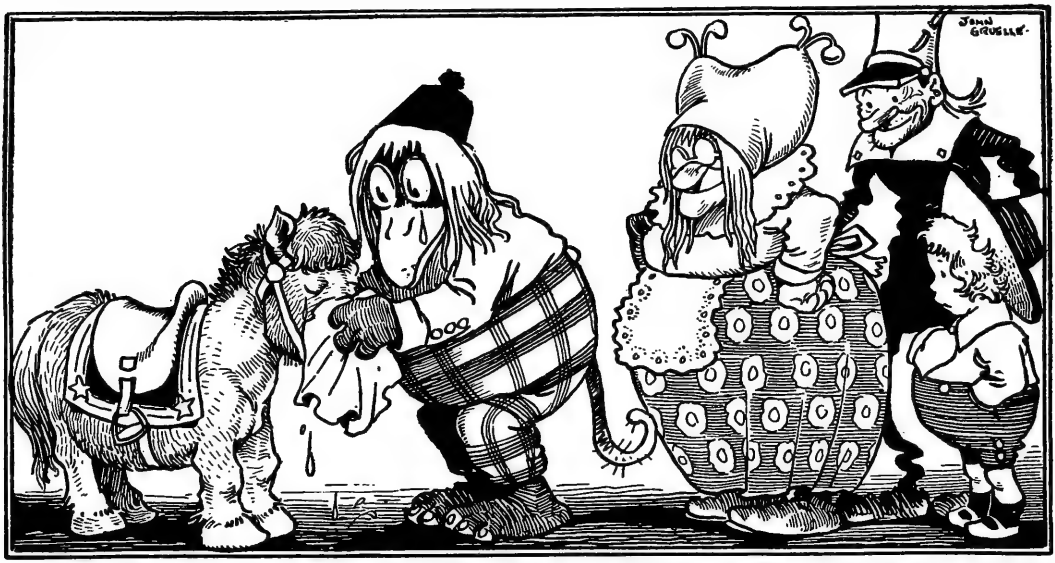
Timmy Toodles' Fifth Adventure.

THE Flapperjowd, the Pony and the crooked man and Tim, were seated at the fire when they heard an awful din. And right down through the chimney scatt'ring fire around the room, there came a funny woman with a most peculiar broom. Our Tim could scarcely see her face, so straggly was her hair, and not the least attention did she pay the people there. Until the crooked man spoke up and said, "Please tell me why you choose to drop in chimneys; did you come down from the sky?" The funny woman turned and said, "I know it's quite absurd, but I was riding through the air on an enormous bird, who all at once decided he'd not have me on his back. So when I wasn't looking, why, he threw me down, kersmack!"



"I'm Vanda Vandadopper and a witch with good intent. To make the world a better place my effort all is bent. I take the boys and girls who fuss and fret and disagree and make them sweet and happy. O it's lots of fun for me! And when I see a man who likes to hoard and never spend, I make him generous and good and heaps of presents send. When anyone is thoughtless and mistreats his little pets, my magic cures his cruelty so that he ne'er forgets. My power does not work at all on people who are kind; it only acts on bad ones and if I should chance to find, a mean and criss-cross person, why, I change him quick as thought into a pleasant child who does exactly as he ought."

Just then the door flew open and a beast Tim didn't know, burst in the room, upsetting things and ramping to and fro. He pushed the pony from his feet and shoved Tim from his chair, he wiped his feet on table cloths and didn't seem to care. "I think without a single doubt," Tim Toodles cried with vim, "that he's the most unmannered beast! No one invited him!" "Yes, out he goes!" said crooked man, "there is no room in here for beasts who act this way, he's had no training, that is clear!" "Ha, ha," the ramping beast replied, "I like to hear you say that I have had no training, but I will not go away! I never do a thing I'm told, I like to smash up things, I like to torture little bugs by pulling off their wings!"

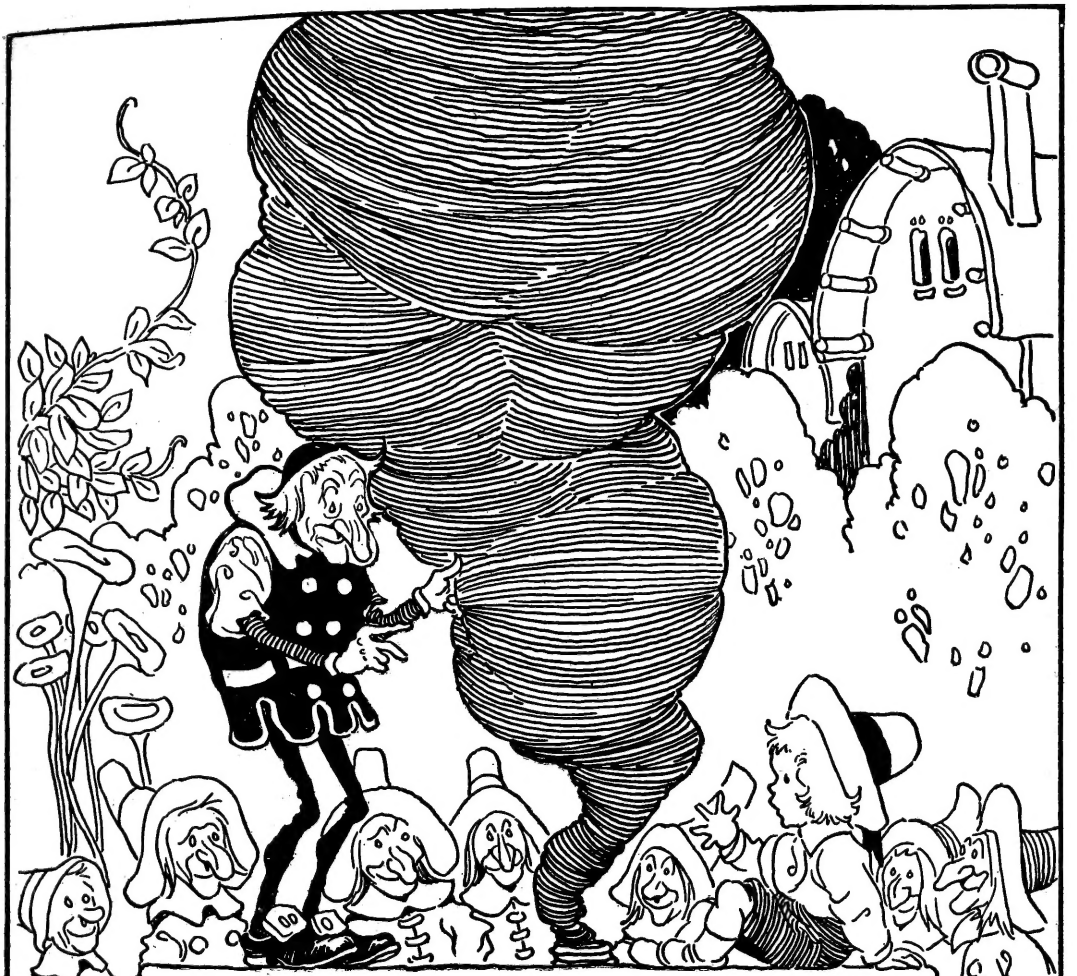


"Well, if *that* gives you pleasure," Mistress Vandadopper cried, "you're just the one I'm looking for,—you needn't try to hide. With magic will I magic you, until you see no fun in being bad or naughty! Now! my magic has begun." Young Tim could scarce believe it, but that naughty beast began to look around quite sheepishly, then asked the crooked man; if he would kindly let him take his dustpan and his broom so he could sweep up all the dirt he'd brought into the room. And then he wiped the pony's tears and begged his pardon too, and told them that from this time forth, with meanness he was through. "He used to quite enjoy it, but he'll find no pleasure now in hurting helpless creatures!" said old Vanda with a bow.

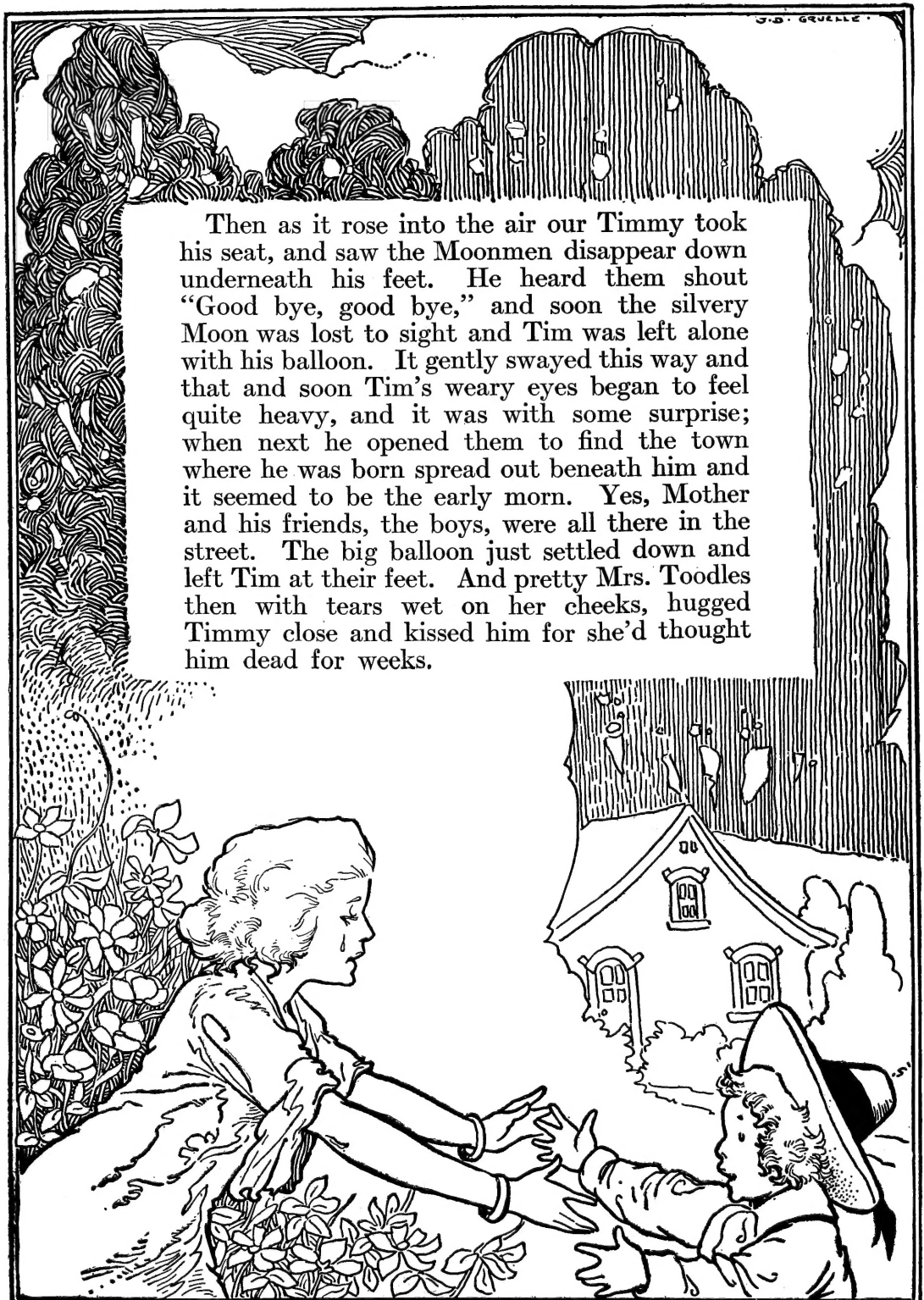
JOHN B. GRUELLE.

Timmy Toodles Returns Home.

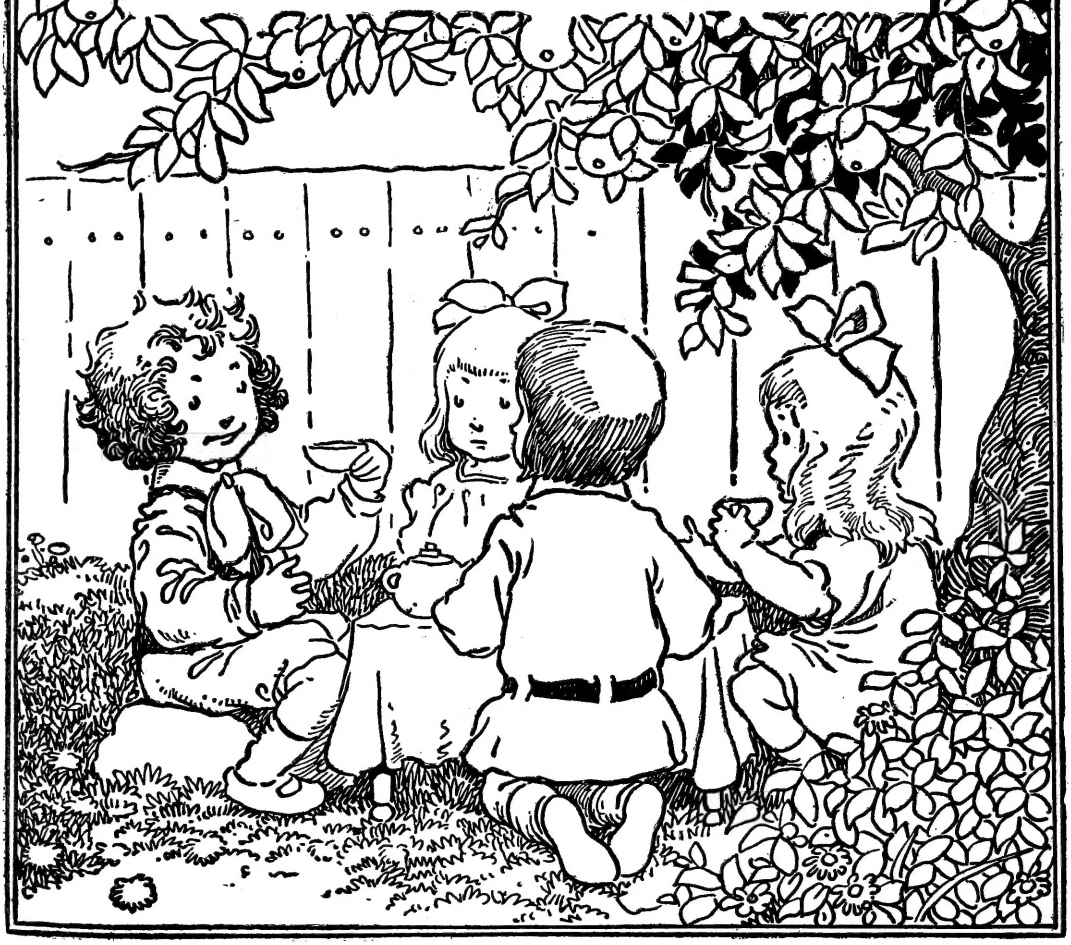
WHEN Timmy left the Crooked Man he rode with might and main until he reached the Moon and all his new-found friends again. That he was growing home-sick Tim had found out on this ride. His taste for queer adventures had been fully satisfied. But when he told the Moonmen they were filled with grief and woe; they said they'd make him mayor if he'd promise not to go. But Tim was quite decided and he said: "It cannot be, my parents must be lonely for they have no one but me. I'm quite afraid I've overstayed, in fact they did not know that I was coming to the Moon; so now I'll have to go. But I'll remember all of you, and who knows but perhaps I'll soon be coming back again and fall right in your laps!"



Now when our Timmy looked into his pockets for the stone with which he was to fly again, he found that it was gone. They all turned in and hunted but it was of no avail, and Tim was so discouraged that he set up quite a wail. The Moonmen grieved to see his tears and one old Moonman came and said: "We'll fix you up all right, for you are not to blame. Just stay right here and wait awhile; it will not take us long to find a piece of silk to make a gas bag good and strong." The Moonmen took just half an hour to cut the silk and sew the pieces into shape and hang a basket on below. They built a fire and caught the gas which poured into the bag, until the sides were nice and round and nowhere left to sag.



Then as it rose into the air our Timmy took his seat, and saw the Moonmen disappear down underneath his feet. He heard them shout "Good bye, good bye," and soon the silvery Moon was lost to sight and Tim was left alone with his balloon. It gently swayed this way and that and soon Tim's weary eyes began to feel quite heavy, and it was with some surprise; when next he opened them to find the town where he was born spread out beneath him and it seemed to be the early morn. Yes, Mother and his friends, the boys, were all there in the street. The big balloon just settled down and left Tim at their feet. And pretty Mrs. Toodles then with tears wet on her cheeks, hugged Timmy close and kissed him for she'd thought him dead for weeks.

"I certainly have had some great adventures," shouted Tim. He told them of the Moon and what had happened there to him. "But I would rather be at home with you and Father here, for though the Moonmen were quite nice they were a little queer." That afternoon Tim's Mother told his little friends that she would give them all a party out beneath the apple tree. O my, what goodies they did have! Ice cream and lemonade and jelly tarts and sandwiches and cookies she had made. Of course, Tim had to tell them of the many things to see up in the Moon, and promise that next time he'd take the three. "But when we go," Tim Toodles said, "we'll take our Mothers too; to leave your Mother here at home is not the thing to do."

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